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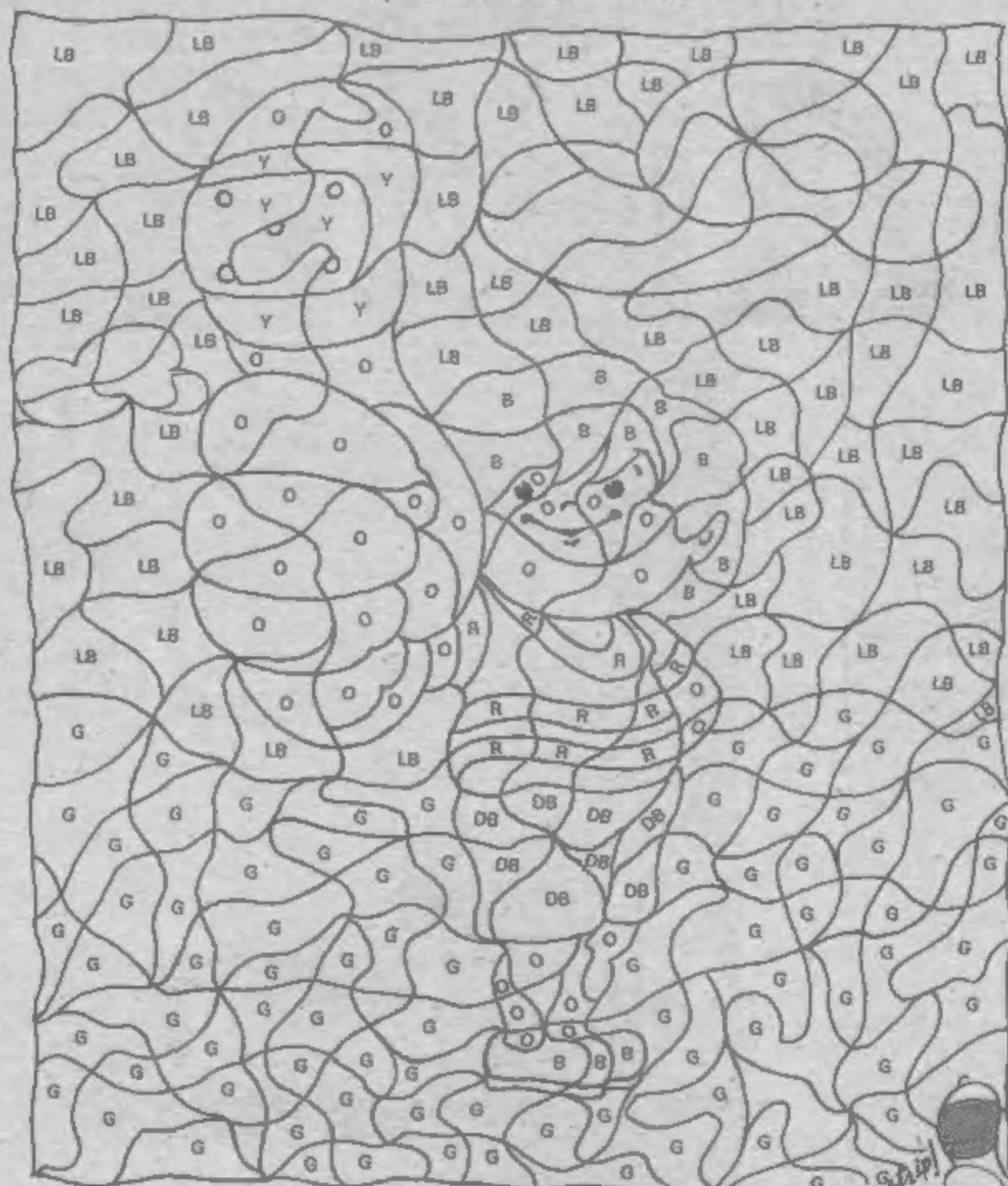


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Ta dum,
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is here

Oops!
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sure is catchy—Ya,
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dies, the mouse of your house—Squeeks,
not to mention Flipper the dolphin 'n'
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part of the CUDDLES family. And
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was fool around.
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entirely for
your kid to do.
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which colour to use.....
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everyone's going on and on about it!



CHANDAMAMA

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and More!**

NEXT ISSUE

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Beginning ■ wonderful feast for all—tales from the PANCHATANTRA through lively pictures—by Bujjal.

A dramatic chapter of THE BANDIT PRINCE.

Veer Hanuman goes strong!

A tale from Bhutan, ■ bunch of refreshing stories and all the other regular features.

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Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

THIS IS HOW THE SCOPE OF OUR RIGHT

A number of boys and girls have taken their own lives as a mark of protest against a certain policy of the government. We bow our heads in their memory and pray for peace to their souls.

But we shall do wrong to our conscience if we do not point out that this is not how they should have recorded their protest. If something according to us is unjust, we must voice our protest against it as long as we can. If, in the process of one's protest one gets killed, that is a different matter. But one must not kill oneself as a way of protest. Our brilliant freedom-fighters like Bhagat Singh and Khudiram sacrificed their lives, but they did not take their own lives.

We must know what is within our right and what is beyond. To take our own lives is not within our right. It belongs to Providence.

A GREAT EVENT OF PEACE

The ancient Romans had their favourite theory: "If you want to establish peace, be ready for war." The theory never brought peace. Readiness for war eventually led to war. One's readiness for war is bound to create suspicion and fear in his neighbour and he too becomes ready to face any danger. When both are ready, any small incident or misunderstanding is enough to bring about a war.

That is what is happening from the Roman time to our own time. Some leaders have been well-

known for their loud proclamation of peace, but their voices have proved to be false, because much of the wealth of their countries come from the sale of arms and ammunition to other countries. That is big business! Their tongues utter peace while there is war in their minds.

That is why a proverb says that if a person cannot find peace within himself it is useless for him to look for peace elsewhere.

And it is only when he who has found peace within himself proclaims peace for the people that

ROMANS





his proclamation becomes effective.

That is what President Mikhail Sergeyovich Gorbachev of Soviet Union has done. To say that he is a man of peace is not enough, he is a courageous man of peace. During the era of the Communist dictatorship before him, grave injustice had been done to the Russian people, grave injustice had been done to countries like Poland which Russians brought under their iron heels; arms race with the Western countries, particularly the U.S.A., was encouraged as a

matter of pride. Gorbachev had the courage to say that all these things were matters of shame. We must respect the freedom of the individual, the freedom of the nations and must cooperate with one another and not try to cut one another's throat!

The Nobel Peace Prize for Gorbachev is a great event, not simply because it has gone to the right man, but more because the world has recognised this man's endeavour and aspiration. In this recognition lies the hope for the future.



SUPERSAURUS

IN 1972, THE REMAINS OF AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF DINOSAUR WERE DISCOVERED IN COLORADO USA. THESE INCLUDED SHOULDER BLADES 8FT. 10 IN (2.69M) LONG, AND RIBS 10FT (3.0M) LONG. IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT THE DINOSAUR WOULD HAVE BEEN 90FT (27.4M) LONG WITH A SHOULDER HEIGHT OF 26FT (7.9M) AND WEIGHING AN INCREDIBLE 140 TONNES! IT HAS BEEN NICK-NAMED SUPERSAURUS.

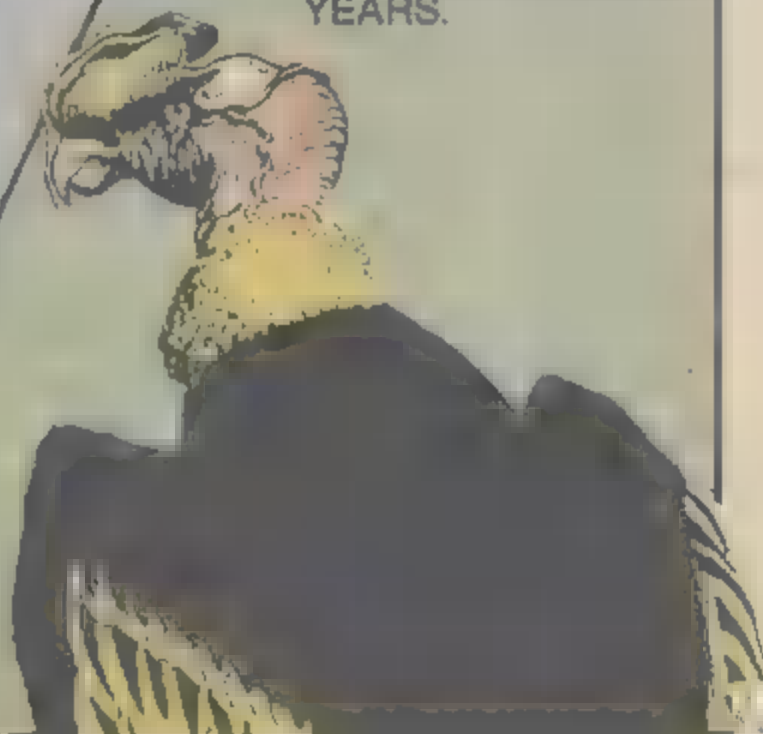
ONLY THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES HAS ENOUGH VENOM CAPABLE OF KILLING A HUMAN BEING. THIS IS SAID TO BE 15 TIMES MORE POTENT THAN THE PRAIRIE RATTLE SNAKE. BETWEEN 1950 AND 1959 THERE WERE 63 RECORDED BLACK WIDOW BITE FATALITIES IN THE USA.



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Longest lived bird

THE LONGEST LIVED BIRD IS SAID TO BE THE ANDEAN CONDOR. ONE SPECIMEN IN THE MOSCOW ZOO LIVED TO OVER 72 YEARS.





THE SEEKER

Vivek was ■ gifted student of Swami Vinayananda. When he completed his studies in the Gurukul, he desired to stay on in the Ashram to serve the master.

The guru was pleased. He asked him to teach philosophy to a group of boys.

Vivek laboured hard. He had an excellent method of teaching. His students learnt in eight months what was meant to be learnt in a full year.

"Vivek is ■ brilliant teacher. He could teach his students so fast!" commented a close friend of the guru. There was nobody else nearby. So the guru told his friend, "Vivek is a worthy teacher. But if he could teach in eight months what should ordinarily take a year, the credit should go also to the students. I had selected the best students for

his class, so that he would feel encouraged. However, if Vivek continues to be sincere, one day he will equal Vatsal."

The last part of what the guru said was overheard by one of his disciples. He knew that Vatsal was the most eminent among the guru's former disciples. He had been an ideal student and he was now an ideal guru himself, running a gurukul in ■ distant forest.

The disciple told Vivek enthusiastically, "Do you know? The guru has so high an opinion of you that he expects you to match Vatsal!"

The compliment did not please Vivek, for he expected the guru to refer to him as his most brilliant disciple!

A few days passed. Vivek heard the guru speaking of Vatsal very highly again and again. He

could not check himself any longer. He asked the sage, "Guru, in what way is Vatsal superior to me?"

The guru raised his eyebrows and said, "When did I compare him with you? Each student is unique."

The answer did not satisfy Vivek. The guru understood that. One day he told some visitors in Vivek's hearing, "In the village Mallishri live three of my disciples. One is a washerman, the second is a weaver; the third one is a mason. They are very good at their own jobs, but they refuse to learn even the first letter of the alphabet. Vatsal lived with them

for six months, trying to teach them, but failed."

Vivek was happy to hear about Vatsal's failure with something. At the earliest opportunity he proposed to the guru that he be allowed to try to teach the guru's three disciples belonging to Mallishri.

"You may try. But you should not tarry there for more than six months," said the guru.

Vivek arrived at Mallishri. The three disciples were very happy to receive him. A close disciple of their guru was most dear to them.

By and by Vivek told them that he desired to teach them reading and writing. The washerman



laughed and said, "I don't think that would help me in any way. I do my work sincerely and pray to the Lord as taught by the guru. I am happy."

"Learning to read and write would not bring me any closer to Truth or God," said the weaver.

"My daughter-in-law reads the Puranas and I hear her reading with great attention. How would I benefit any more by reading the verses myself?" observed the mason.

However Vivek tried, he could not persuade any of his three hosts to learn reading or writing a single letter! Six months passed. He returned to the gurukul.

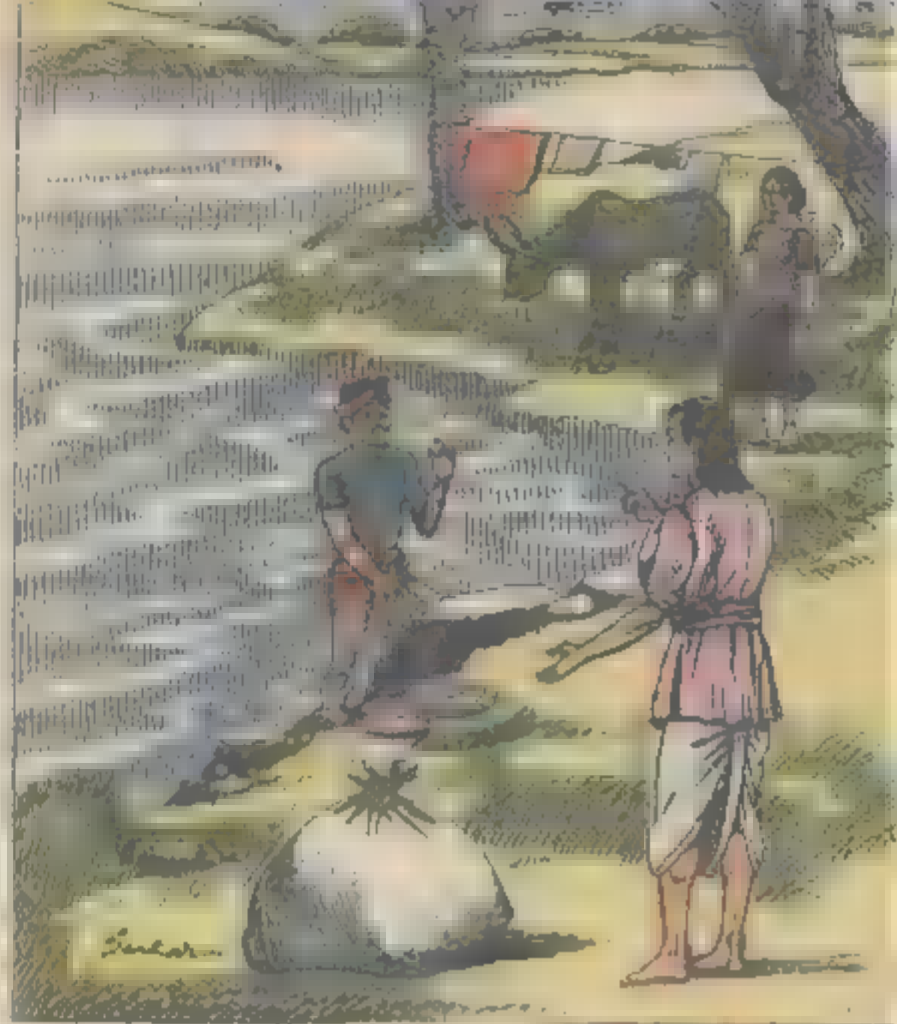
"What happened to your mission?" asked the guru smiling.

"I did not fare any better than Vatsal, Sir!" confessed Vivek.

"But Vatsal fared better than you!" said the guru.

Vivek was surprised. "How do you say so, Sir? He did not succeed in teaching the three anything!" he said.

"Right. But during the six months he learnt the trade of his three hosts extremely well. Did you learn anything?" asked the guru.



Vivek nodded. "No, Sir, it did not occur to me that I will gain anything by learning their trade!" he said.

"My boy, ■ genuine learner does not think of gain or loss in his eagerness to learn. He loves learning. He does not let ■ single opportunity for learning slip away!" explained the guru.

Vivek stood, ■ feeling ashamed. The guru patted him on the back and said, "Never mind, my son, I repeat, each student is unique. I pointed out Vatsal's quality to you only because you began comparing yourself to him!"

TOWARDS BETTER ENGLISH

DON'T GO TO HALIFAX!

"What are metonymy and oxymoron?" asks Jyotiranjana Biswal of Durgapur, Dhenkanal.

Both are figures of speech. When you say, "He finished the dish in no time" instead of saying he finished the food, you are using "dish" to mean food. That is to say, you are putting one thing for another, though both are related. (When you use a part for the whole or vice versa, it is synecdoche. "He had a hundred hands eager to help him" means so many men. The hand here represents the whole man.)

Oxymoron is a device to emphasize an idea through apparent contradiction. "More haste, less speed" is an example. "He tormented me with his elaborate courtesy" is yet another.

"I read the proverb *as sober as a judge* in a passage in a paper set for a competitive examination. I have failed to find its meaning in any book of proverbs," says V. Jagadeesh of Pamulapadu, Kurnool.

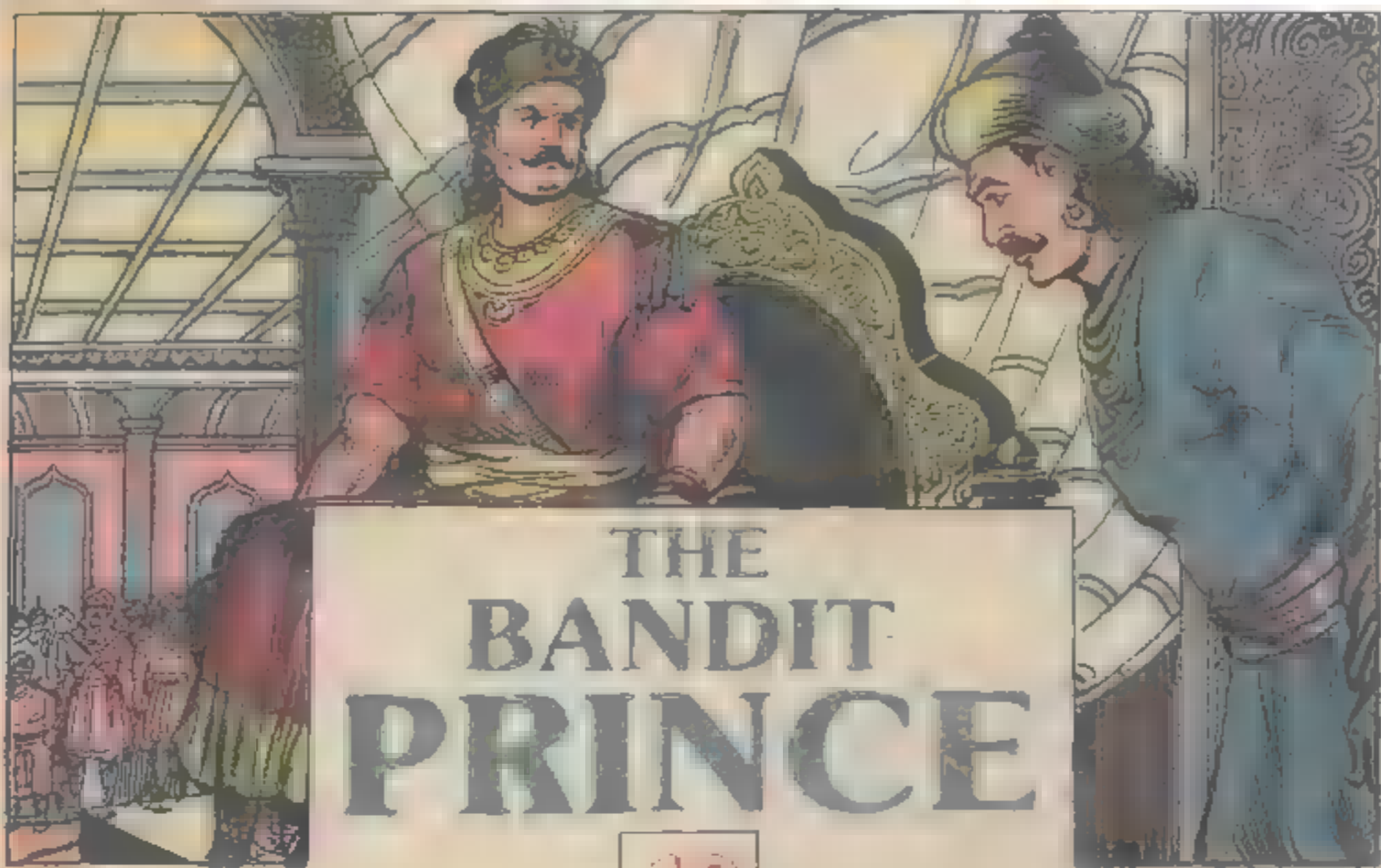
A judge has to be very objective, impartial and unexcited so that he can arrive at the correct conclusion to any issue before him. Generally he is sober, not supposed to be intoxicated, or biased or prejudiced.

Which is correct, "Who did you give it to" or "Whom did you give it to"? asks Leela Biswas, New Delhi.

"Who did you give it to" is correct, because the preposition is coming at the end. But if you shift the preposition, you can use "whom." "To whom did you give it?" is correct.

What does "Go to Halifax" mean? asks Suman Trivedi of Nagpur. Disregard the advice if someone gives it to you. It means go to hell!





THE BANDIT PRINCE

16

(The gold idol of Kanaka Durga, forcibly taken away by Vir Singh's men, is daringly snatched by Prince Sandip. He restores it to Shankar Varma whom he meets for the first time.)

“**W**izardry! Magic!! Must we be cowed down by such tricks? Don't we have a big army at our command?” shrieked out Vir Singh when he was reported about the disappearance of the gold idol.

“We have our army, my lord. But how much can the human power do against supernatural

powers? Didn't you see how the animals of the forest harassed us the other day? Could they have done so unless they were under the spell of some weird power?” asked Jabarsen. He had learnt to be more outspoken before Vir Singh than his predecessor, Kapalchand.

Vir Singh had no answer to

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRINCESS?



this. But he was not prepared to give up. In order to hide his uneasiness, he shouted at his loudest, "But we must find out where the idol is! We just cannot take such insults lying down!"

The echo of Vir Singh's shriek had just died down when his chief spy entered the court. He looked excited.

"What is it now?" asked Vir Singh.

"My lord, the idol that disappeared from the boat is with Chieftain Shankar Varma. The installation of the idol in the newly built shrine is going to take place tomorrow," reported the spy.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, my lord," asserted the spy.

Vir Singh stood up. His face looked red with anger. "That means, it is Shankar Varma who employed some wizard to whisk away the idol. We will teach him the lesson of his life!" he declared with a menacing gesture.

"Should I march upon his palace and bring the idol once again?" asked Jabarsen.

"To lose it to the wizard again?" retorted Vir Singh. "I will go personally!" he announced.

Jabarsen felt tempted to ask, "Had you not led the army personally to the forest? What was the gain?" Of course he did not say it aloud.

"Prepare our best battalion to accompany me. I will hold the idol myself while bringing it. Let me see how the wizardry works!" said Vir Singh.

* * *

The people of Jainagar were jubilant beyond description. For them the return of the idol was nothing but a miracle—a most happy miracle. Shankar Varma had tried to keep his meeting with Prince Sandip a closely guarded secret.

But it was not possible to install the deity amidst hush.

silence. It had to be a public ceremony.

The little town went festive. The lovely princess, Sukanya, was not prepared to be separated from the deity even for a moment. Crowds marvelled at the idol and marvelled at the princess.

The auspicious time for the ceremony had come. Musicians played drums, bugles, cymbals and flutes with great enthusiasm. The priest, Chieftain Shankar Varma and Princess Sukanya were carrying the idol from the palace to the shrine.

"Stop the ceremony!"

At first Vir Singh's command could not be heard because of the music. But the musicians soon stopped playing at the sight of the riders. Vir Singh had arrived. A little behind him were Jabarsen and the tyrant's bodyguards, on horses.

"Shankar Varma, I am sure you don't want a battle. If you want it, it is readily yours! My army is waiting nearby," said Vir Singh.

"You know very well that I cannot afford a battle with you or with anyone. I have no army. I beseech you to leave us in peace," said Shankar Varma.

"All the peace shall be yours if



you peacefully hand over the idol to us," said Vir Singh.

"Oh no! Never!" cried out Princess Sukanya.

Vir Singh kept gazing at the princess with surprise. She leaned on the idol, hugging it.

"Who is she?" asked Vir Singh.

"She is my daughter, Sukanya," replied Shankar Varma. "She is in love with the idol."

"In love with the idol?" muttered Vir Singh as he got off his horse and walked towards Shankar Varma. "I want to tell something secretly to you," he said with a smile and coming closer, whispered to Shankar



Varma, "I am in love with Sukanya."

"What do you mean?" asked the chieftain, without hiding his disgust.

"I ~~will~~ to spare the idol."

"That is very kind of you!"

"But in exchange for Sukanya. Well, I propose to marry her—make her my queen—the queen of Sumedh. She should be happy in the magnificent castle at Shantipur!" said Vir Singh with a nasty smile.

"Vir Singh?" shouted Shankar Varma.

"Don't call me by name. You are a chieftain subordinate to me. Address me as you ought to

address your king!" cautioned Vir Singh.

"Vir Singh! There should be a limit to your audacity!" shouted Shankar Varma once again.

"Since when ■ king proposing to marry a chieftain's daughter is considered audacity? Shankar Varma, don't be silly. Think of the idol. Think of your small territory," said Vir Singh.

"I don't mind losing everything for the sake of my honour!" shouted Shankar Varma.

"Shankar Varma, ■■■ I not going to honour you more by marrying your daughter? If you agree to my proposal, you can retain the idol. If you don't, you will lose both the idol and your daughter. Yes, you will lose your territory too. You may offer resistance. But to what avail? There will be bloodshed. A few hundred of your men would be slain. That is all," said Vir Singh, trying to sound persuasive.

"Father!" It was Princess Sukanya. "Father, better agree to the gallant gentleman's proposal. I am willing to go away with him, if he leaves the idol with you."

"What! What are you saying my child? Are you in your senses?" asked ■ surprised

father. Little did he know that ■ young man who had pressed closer to the princess had whispered something in her ear, while Shankar Varma and Vir Singh were exchanging angry words.

The same young man now cast ■ meaningful look at Shankar Varma. There was ■ twinkle of recognition in the chieftain's eyes, although the young man's disguise was perfect.

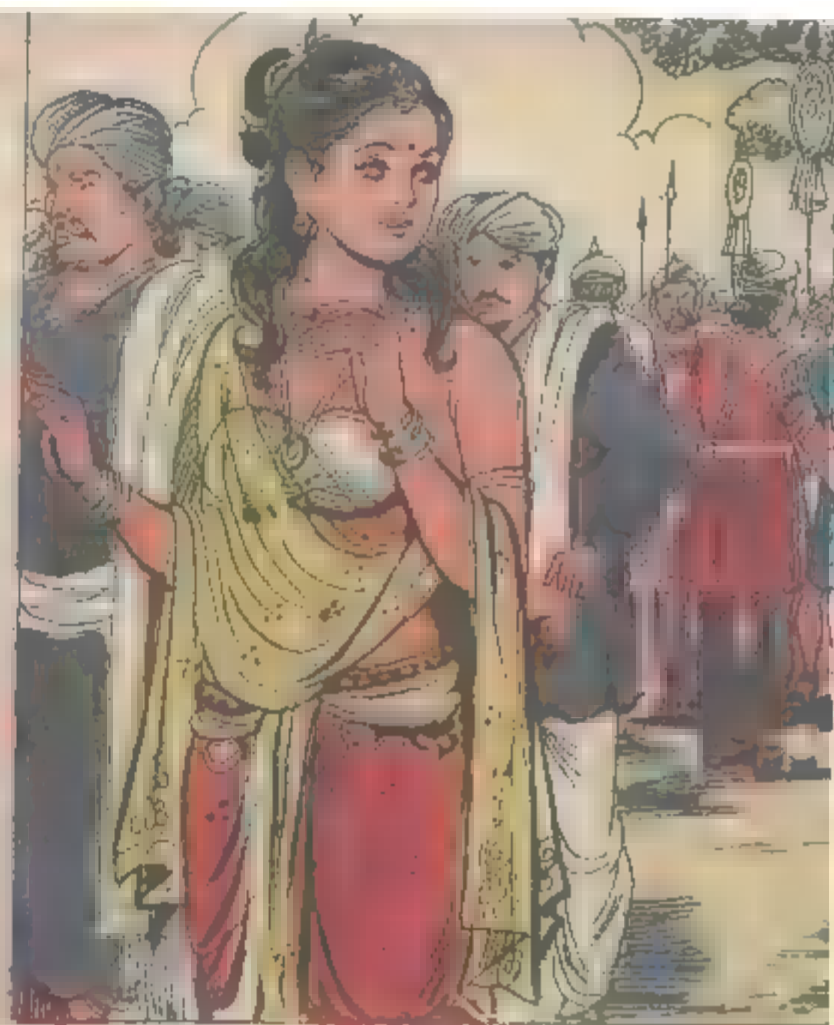
Needless to say, the disguised young man was none other than Prince Sandip.

"My daughter," asked Shankar Varma, "are you serious?"

"I am quite serious, father. First of all, I want the idol to be with you. Secondly, I don't want any unnecessary bloodshed. It is almost certain that there will be violence if we don't oblige Vir Singh. Thirdly, isn't Vir Singh ■ eligible bachelor?" asked the princess, feigning to blush.

"Thank you, thank you, dear princess," said Vir Singh.

Preparations were made for the princess to depart with Vir Singh. She sat on an elephant, with her chief-maid, inside ■ bejewelled box. Vir Singh, his general and his bodyguards rode before her. Behind her marched the army.



As the procession reached the very spot where the idol had 'disappeared', Malli, the parrot, dropped a letter on the lap of the princess. Nobody but her maid saw it. The princess read the letter. She whispered to her maid. Then she closed her eyes and pretended to faint.

"Stop! Stop!!" shouted the maid. The procession came to ■ halt.

"Let us take the princess down. She is sick. Summon ■ physician—immediately—preferably her personal physician, from Jainagar," said the maid.

The anxious Vir Singh ordered to erect a tent. His messenger



rode to Jainagar. In an hour the physician and his assistants—two ladies, arrived on the spot.

They went into the tent. After ■ while the physician came out and informed Vir Singh that she would soon recover. But she needed rest. She cannot ride the elephant. A palanquin must be made available to her.

By the time the palanquin was brought, it was evening. The physician and his assistants had left. Vir Singh called out to the maid and asked her if the princess was now ready for the travel.

“Why don’t you go into the tent and ask her?” asked the maid with a meaningful smile.

Vir Singh got the sweet hint. He entered the tent and coughed. “O Princess!” he called sweetly, going near the bed. Only a candle light was flickering. He could see

some movement under the silken shawl.

“Princess!” he touched what he believed to be the hand of the princess.

Pop sprang up ■ monkey. It slapped Vir Singh on the face and, in one bound, escaped from the tent.

Vir Singh stood dumb-founded. He could not shriek out for shame. How could this happen? Was it wizardry again? Could anybody have changed the princess into ■ monkey? If that is so, the monkey ought to be changed into the princess! Must he suffer such a beautiful maiden turning into a monkey and slipping off his hands?

“Catch it! Catch it!” he shouted while coming out of the tent.

— To continue



HOW TO SAVE THE NATION

A story goes like this: one day a childhood friend of Abraham Lincoln asked the great man, "The nation is falling apart. There are so many problems. What are you doing about it?"

"I am doing my bit. I hope, you are also doing your bit!" said the President.

"Where is the chance for me to do anything about it? I am only a small farmer!" observed the friend.

"But I distinctly remember how the other day you had a chance to set the nation right!" said the President.

The farmer looked with great surprise. The President said, "Were your two sons not quarrelling the other day when I was passing by your house?"

The farmer remembered. "Yes," he said. "We had only three sugarcandles, whereas each of them wanted to have two."

"That is the same problem with the people of the nation—and the world as well. The day you solve it in your own house by making your sons realise that it is not through quarrel but through understanding that they can find peace, the nation's problems and perhaps the world's problems would have been solved."



THE MARVELLOUS GIFT

Dark clouds threatened the summer sky. The old man sat charmed by that lovely scene, his eyes shining in joy and wonderment. There was a rolling sound of thunder and more gracefully danced the delighted peacock. It was not only the promise of rain that inspired him to fan out its beautiful feathers, but he often danced for his gentle master for whom he had developed a fond affection.

At the edge of an evergreen

forest, in a little hut lived the old man. Not alone, but with his wife, an ill-tempered and quarrelsome woman. For her the day never ended without having chided her husband to her heart's fill. However, it was in the peacock that the poor man had always found his only companion and solace.

Early one morning when drops of dew still glistened on the leaves, the old man plodded along the forest path. Firewood,





berries, fruit and vegetables were all that he went to gather from the thicket. The old woman stayed back, grumbling and rumbling, for she had to mind the house all by herself.

In the garden stood a tub, filled with fresh rainwater. The peacock joyfully splashed into it. Suddenly a saucepan came flying and struck its head very hard indeed.

"You rogue! How dare you dirty the water meant for my bath? Be off and never turn up again," screamed the enraged woman.

The dazed bird, seeing a thou-

sand stars in bright sunshine, sadly flew away.

When the old man returned in the evening and found out what had occurred in his absence, he was very angry with his wife. They wrangled and quarrelled well into the daylight. But the peacock never came back and the good old man had to rest content with a lonely life, no one to give him company, but his nagging wife.

A year rolled by. One day, while the old man reposed under a tree in the forest, a soft human voice floated down into his ears. "How're you, my loving master?" Looking up he saw his peacock perched on a branch above him. A changed bird now. And it could speak!

He swooped down and stood before his amazed master. They bent and bowed and bowed and bent, greeting each other in polished Japanese fashion.

"We will be blessed to have your company for tea today. My wife and the children are so eager to meet you!" said the peacock in a polite tone.

It was an enchanting little bamboo house, surrounded by a charming garden dappled with

stepping stones and wee lanterns. In the background stood a small hillock, a singing streamlet gurgled down its green breast and formed a miniature lake below. In its crystal waters swam playfully a shoal of gold fish.

"I am surely in a dreamland!" exclaimed the old man unable to believe his eyes.

After the formal greetings were over, Mrs. Peahen set the table, complete with delicious dishes, a pair of chopsticks, napkins and a vase of flowers exquisitely arranged in Japanese style. Kneeling gracefully, as was proper, the eldest daughter served the ceremonial tea.

"We are sorry for offering you such a modest meal. We didn't have enough time to make adequate arrangements," humbly apologised Mrs. Peahen intently cycling the reaction of her guest.

The old man was deeply touched at such a warm reception. Pressed by his kind little hosts, he consented to spend the night with them. So fascinated was he that he extended his stay even after the day—and time rolled on!

During the day he basked in the bright sunshine and frolicked with the younger Peachicks. In the evening he would relax in the garden, while Mrs. Peahen



played on the lyre and Mr. Peacock and the children sang and danced. He completely forgot his life and its cares.

One morning, as his eyes fell on his bundle of firewood, he suddenly realised how long he had been away from home. He must simply return at once. The feathered clan were indeed very sorry that he must go. Placing two beautifully woven baskets, one light and the other heavy, Mr. Peacock gently said, "Dear Master, please accept one of these as a token of remembrance of your gracious visit."

Humility made the old man pick up the lighter of the two

baskets.

His wife scolded him for being so irresponsible. The old man managed to calm her down with a narration of his strange adventures. Then showing her the basket, he slowly undid the cover.

Lo and behold! A wonderful sight met their eyes. There lay in it a casket of the colour of the moon, crammed with jewels, precious stones, gold and silver. It was a magic box, for it always remained full, no matter how many times you emptied it.

"What a simpleton you were not to have chosen the heavier basket! There would have been



twice as much in it. Now I'm off to acquire ■ gift for myself from the Peacocks," said his wife with a greedy smile.

"Don't be so avaricious. It would be very rude to demand for more," said the old man trying to stop her.

But alas! She soon dressed up for her journey. On went her ribboned hat, up went her silken umbrella and off she went to the Peacock's place. She had no difficulty in reaching her destination for the old man had told her the way.

Mr. Peacock was not too pleased to see her. Nonetheless he invited her for ■ cup of tea. Mrs. Peahen and the children did not dare to meet her.

She gulped the tea as fast as she could and then waited for a while. But no presents seem to appear. So she demanded for one right away and Mr. Peacock eyeing her sternly went in and returned with two baskets. Snatching the heavier one, the old woman hastened away with out even a word of gratitude.

But she panted after a while for the basket was rather heavy. Unable to restrain her curiosity any longer, she sat down on a



wayside rock and tore open the lid.

A big yellow pumpkin and three white mice were all that the basket contained! She frowned and cursed the Peacock and trembled with rage.

But suddenly her eyes grew bright. Wait, Wait! Pumpkin! It suddenly reminded her of the tales her grandma had told her when she was a mere child. Could it be that her pumpkin will turn into a coach and the mice into horses and coachman? And she would change into ■ comely princess?

She cut open the pumpkin, out

popped ■ bee and stung her on the nose and flew away. She gave out ■ shriek: The mice which were till now dozing in the cosy basket, sprang up and scampered off into the woods.

Insulted and humiliated the old woman walked to a nearby brook and sat beside it. She sat there for ■ long time. Then she dozed off. From deep within herself she heard a voice, "You rightly deserved all this! You fool, if the magic box always gave you more and you could never empty it, how did it matter if it was lighter between the two?"

Night fell. The old man was out looking for her. She felt happy that he cared for her even though she had never looked for him when he was missing. She followed him silently. Her husband was surprised, for he had

never known her to be silent.

By morning he knew that she was ■ changed woman. She was full of kindness and consideration. A year later she said, "I think I should go and thank the Peacock for his marvellous gift."

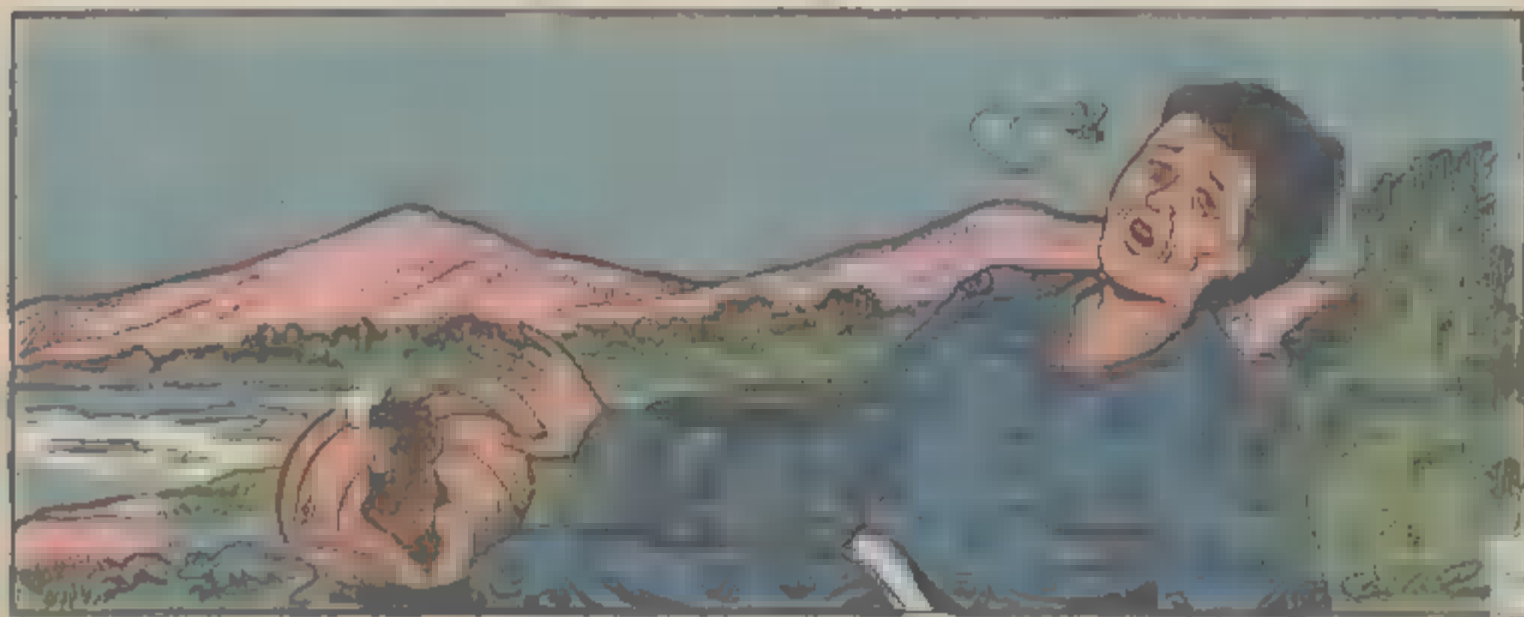
"How do you say so, after his gift gave you such a jolt?" asked her husband.

"How? Don't you see what happened after the jolt? I am more peaceful, more happy than ever!" she replied.

She went and renewed contact with the Peacock.

Mr. Peacock often paid them a visit along with his entire family. Mrs. Peahen sang and played on the lyre, while Mr. Peacock and the children danced to the delight of their venerable audience.

—Retold by Anup Kishore Das



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-26

THE INDIA OF THEIR DREAMS



Bipinchandra Pal (1858-1932), born in Sychel that now belongs to Bangladesh, was a towering leader of the nationalists, an excellent organiser and great orator. He championed the ideal of non-co-operation and was much harassed by the British. He felt a new spirit arising in India. To use his own words, "It called aloud for leaders and workers—for the poet, the prophet, the philosopher, the statesman, the organiser and the man of action, to help the sacred cause. It laid on all who would accept the call the heaviest self-sacrifice yet demanded of any public man in modern India. It wanted men who would not only, as hitherto, give to their country their leisure moments and their idle pennies, but who would consecrate all their hard earnings to the service of the Motherland."

We should ask ourselves: how much of the spirit have we retained? How much of the expectations of this great patriot are fulfilled?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Who carried on the first human heart transplant?
2. Who was the first person to possess a transplanted heart?
3. Who was the Roman emperor when Christ was crucified?
4. What is the name of the biggest variety of monkey?
5. Who was the 20th century emperor who had to publicly announce that he had no divine power?
6. What is the circumstance that made him do this?

BRAHMA

Before the beginning of the creation as it prevails, Brahma emerged from Vishnu, carrying in Him the power to create. With Him came light and there was heard and primeval mystic sound *Aum*.

Brahma created several sages and powerful beings, known as *Prajapatis*. Ten are famous among them. They are Marichi, Atri, Angiras, Pulaha, Pulastya, Kratu, Vasistha, Bhrigu, Daksha and Narada. All the creatures which frequent our earth are offspring of the *Prajapatis*.

As the creator of all, he had equal affection for all. The demons often took advantage of it and obtained powerful boons from Him.

It is Brahma who inspired Vyasa to compile and edit the Vedas and inspired Valmiki to compose the first poetry. Brahma's consort, Saraswati, is the goddess of learning.



NEWS FLASH



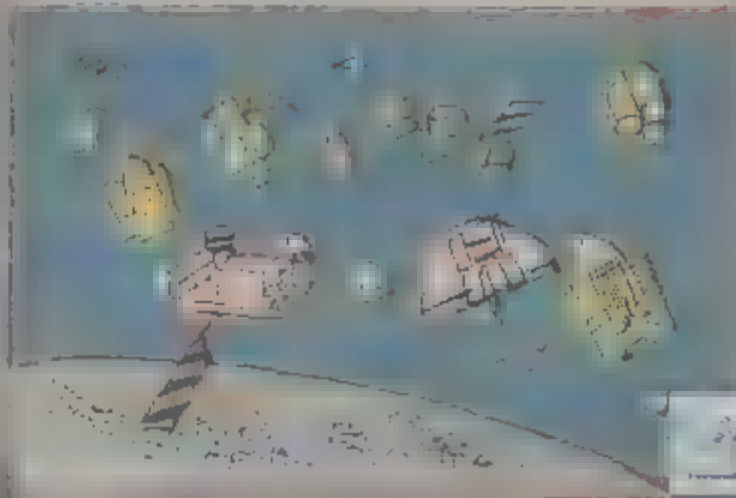
THE YOUNGEST CON- QUEROR OF

The seventeen year old French youth Bertrand Rochz became the world's youngest mountaineer to climb to the world's highest peak, Mount Everest. His companion, one-legged Yves Les Bissionais, missed reaching the peak narrowly.



THE GROWING JUNKYARD

Man has polluted the rivers and the sea and has created vast junkyards here and there. But now millions of pieces of "space junk" are orbiting the earth. They are the debris of old rockets. Some of them may collide with the new spaceships and that would be devastating.



LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Who was the English journalist who made first-hand reports of the Indian Sepoy Meeting?
2. Which newspaper did he represent?
3. What is the title of Voltaire's famous satirical novel?
4. Who was the playwright who wrote 2,200 plays?
5. What is the language in which the Buddhist scriptures were written?

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Dr. Christiaan Barnard.
2. Louis Washkansky.
3. Tiberius.
4. The Mandrill.
5. Emperor Hirohito of Japan.
6. Japan's defeat in the World War II.

LITERATURE

1. William Howard Russell.
2. *The Times*, London.
3. *Candide*.
4. Lope de Vega of Spain (1562-1635)
5. Pali.

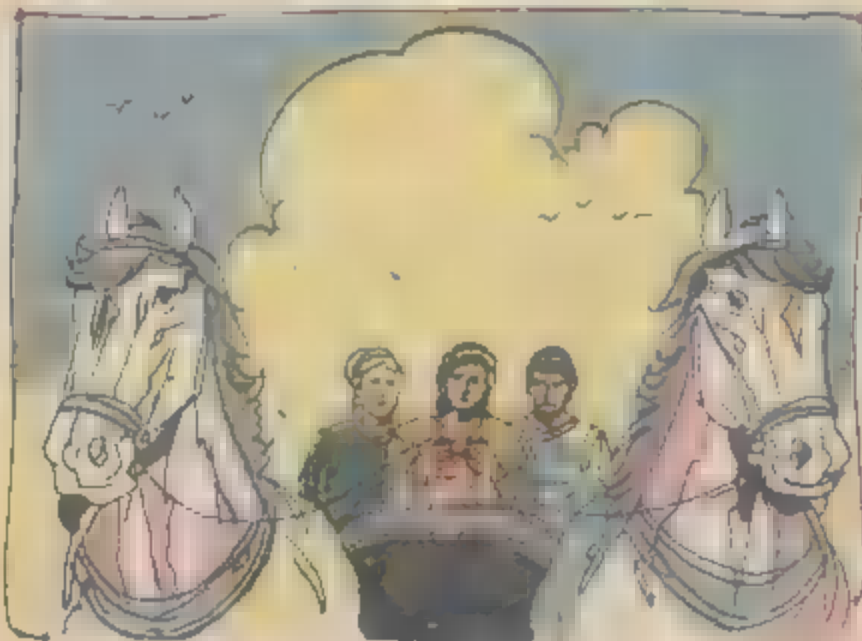
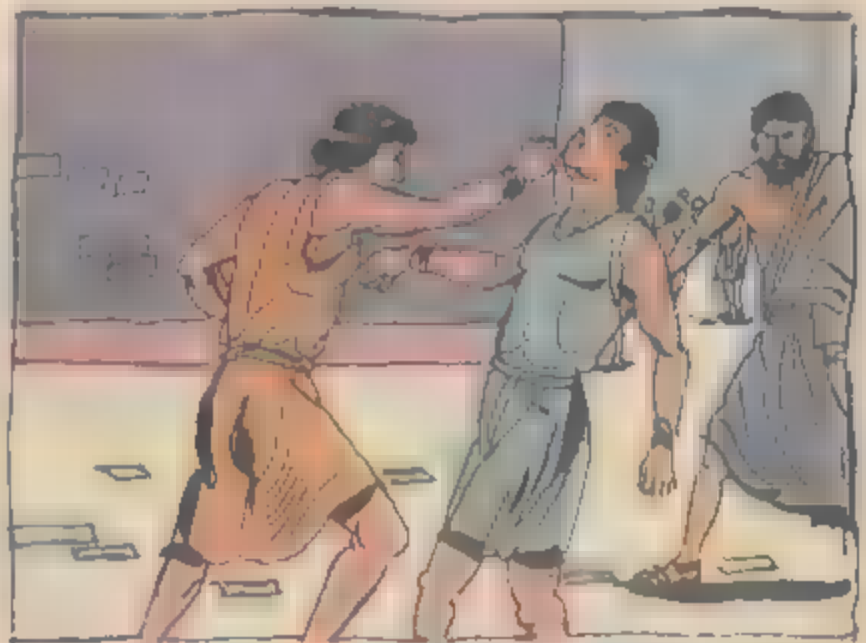


WORLD **MYTHOLOGY**

THE UNEXPECTED BOON

At Argos, there was a famous temple dedicated to Goddess Juno, the celebrated daughter of Saturn. The chief priestess of the deity was Cydippe.

Cydippe had two sons, Cleobis and Biton. They were able-bodied young men who excelled all their friends at play and in physical culture. They revered their mother, the priestess.



Once the mother and the two sons set out on a journey by a chariot, to a relative's house at a long distance. Unfortunately the two horses died after they reached the destination.



When it was time for their return journey, the boys looked for the two new horses. They asked several people, but nobody had horses to spare. They felt disappointed. By the time it was evening.

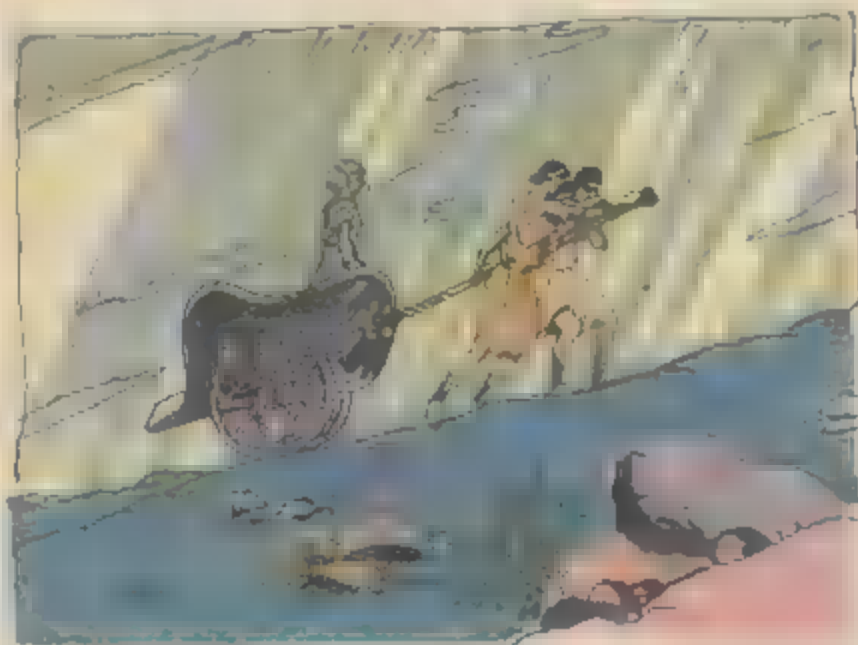
It was most necessary for their mother, the priestess, to be present in the temple the next day for an important ceremony. She was unable to walk the long distance.



The two boys discussed the problem between themselves and asked their mother to sit in the chariot. The mother thought that they had arranged for some horses to draw it.

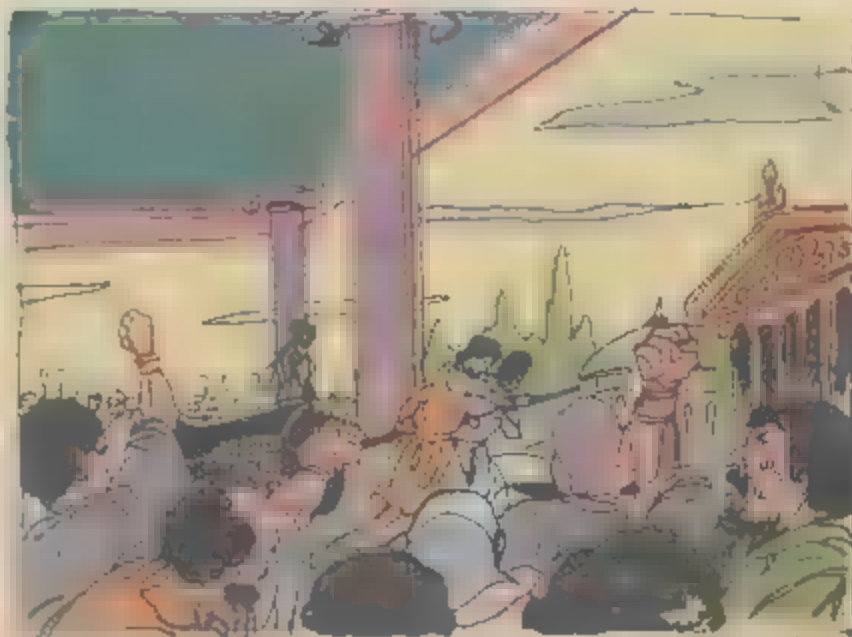


The boys then yoked themselves and began drawing the chariot. The mother could not stop them. It was a strange sight—two young men drawing a chariot instead of horses.



Cleobis and Biton sometimes had to run uphill and sometimes through rain. But they never stopped. The time for the ceremony in the temple was approaching. They went faster and faster.

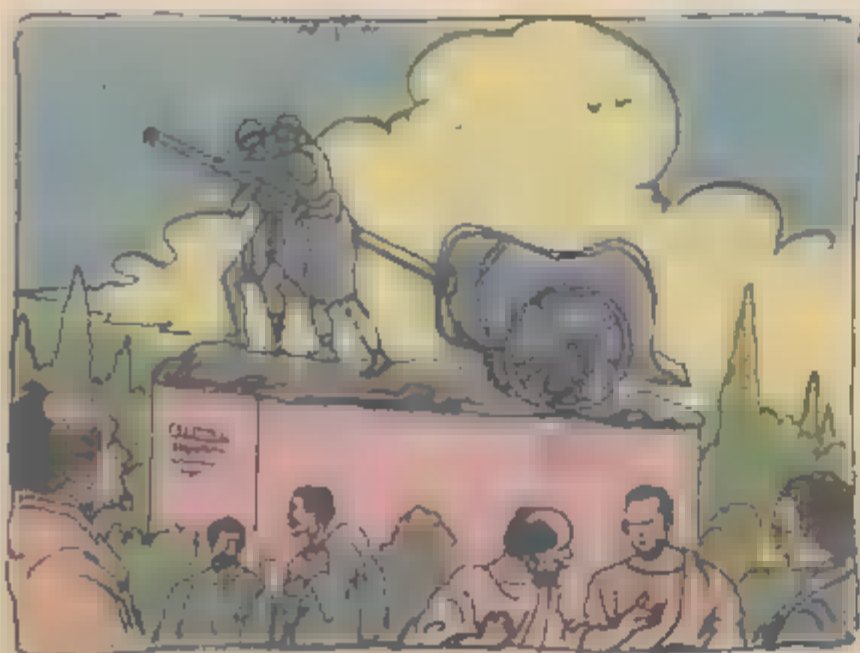
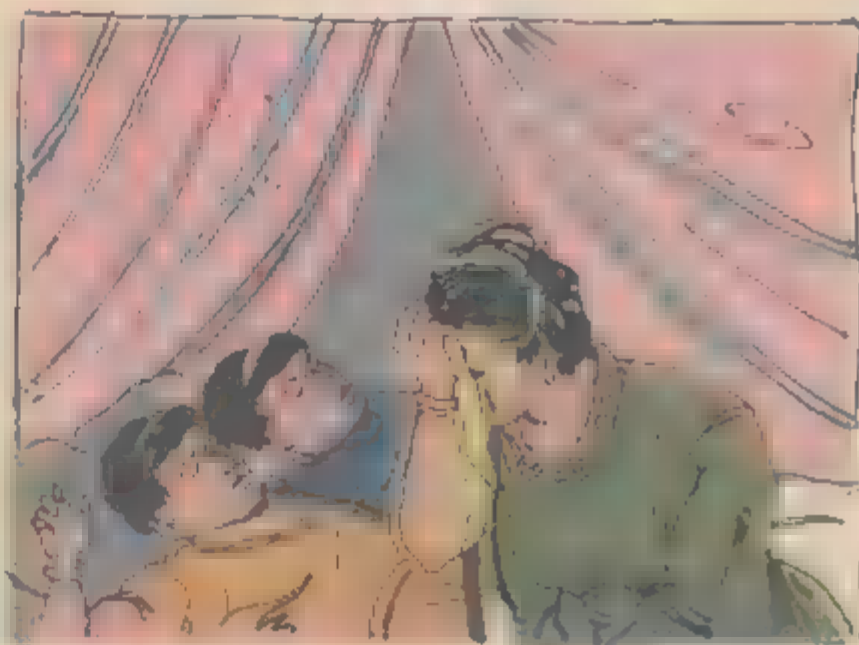
They reached the city in time for the ceremony. People clapped at the feat of the boys and praised their great devotion to their mother. The boys, sweating and panting, but happy, stopped before the temple.





After the ceremony the priestess prayed to the Goddess that her sons should be immune to all sorrows and sufferings of the world and be blessed with the most valuable boon a mortal can enjoy.

The boys went to take rest. And they continued to sleep. They never woke up. It is not known how long they slept, but they slept until their death!



Thus the boys never knew any sorrow or suffering in their lives! The people of Argos raised magnificent statues in their honour.

TWO COMPANIONS

Amru and Aulad were neighbours, living in a small village some miles away from the city of Isfahan.

One morning the two met on the road leading to the city. Amru's daughter was married to a ■■■■ in the city. Amru was carrying ■ basketful of ripe dates for her. His destination was not his daughter's house, but the court.

"Where are you going, Aulad?" Amru asked.

"To Isfahan, brother, I have to meet an ailing relative in the city," replied Aulad.

"Good. We can talk as we walk. To have ■ companion along a long road is ■ boon, you know!" observed Amru.

"I am no less happy, brother," said Aulad.

"But company means sharing each other's troubles. This basket is rather heavy for me. Won't you carry it for me for a short time?" asked Amru.





“Gladly,” said Aulad. Amru at once transferred his burden to Aulad’s head.

But the short time for which Aulad was expected to carry the burden grew longer and longer. Amru was very generous with his talk on many important issues, but he was not generous enough to take back his own basket from his poor neighbour’s head.

“Brother, I am feeling hungry. Can I eat a few dates?” Aulad asked Amru at one stage.

“How can a few dates appease your hunger? Wait. Once we reach my daughter’s house, she will feed both of us,” assured Amru.

Isfahan, in any case, was not far. Amru’s daughter’s house was at the entrance into the city. Amru gladly took the load off Aulad’s head and asked him to wait on the verandah and entered the house. After half an hour he came out with a small basket and a bottle.

“My dear Aulad, will you mind carrying these two items back to my home? I have to see the magistrate. It is so awkward to meet him with a basket and a bottle!” said Amru and he added, “But one word of caution. You must not open the basket. There is a serpent in it. It may escape or cause harm to you. And you should not open the bottle either. It contains poison. Even its smell is harmful.”

“All right, brother, what about...”

Amru did not let Aulad finish his question which was about the promised food. He said, “Well, Aulad, I hope to be back by evening. I am sorry that I am unable to give you my company for the return journey!”

Amru hurried away. With a heavy sigh Aulad lifted the basket and the bottle and went to meet his ailing relative.

Aulad somehow had ■ feeling that the basket did not contain a serpent. While talking to his ailing relative, he cautiously opened it. The smell that came out was enticing! He opened it fully. Inside lay ■ cake—still warm!

If the basket contained no serpent, the bottle may not contain any poison either. He opened it. The content looked like fruit juice. He tasted a little. It was grape juice.

He cut the cake into two and emptied the bottle into two glasses. He shared them with his ailing relative. Both relished them and praised their maker, Amru's daughter.

Aulad returned home by evening. He fell asleep. He woke up when he heard knocks on his door. He opened the door and

saw Amru.

"Aulad, it seems you have not yet delivered those goods at my house!" said Amru.

Aulad blinked at him and looked at his own hands and legs. "Am I not dead?" he asked with great surprise.

Amru stepped back. "Er-er-What do you mean?"

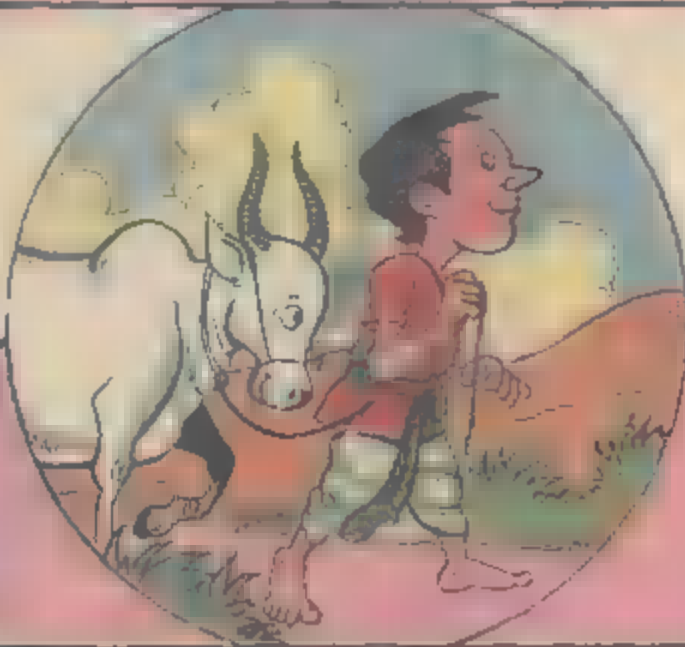
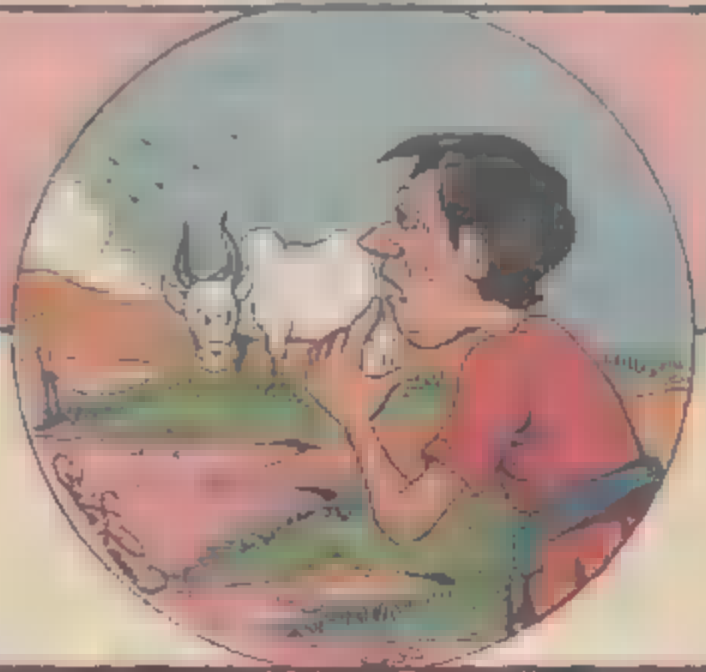
Aulad shook his head and said, "My friend, ■ hungry I was, I fell down on the road and fainted. When I came to senses, I saw that the basket had opened because of the jolt. The snake had escaped. I felt extremely sad. I gulped the poison so that I die rather than show my face to you. I walked home in ■ daze and fell asleep, instead of dying!"

Amru had only to curse himself! He realised that he was not the only clever man in the world.



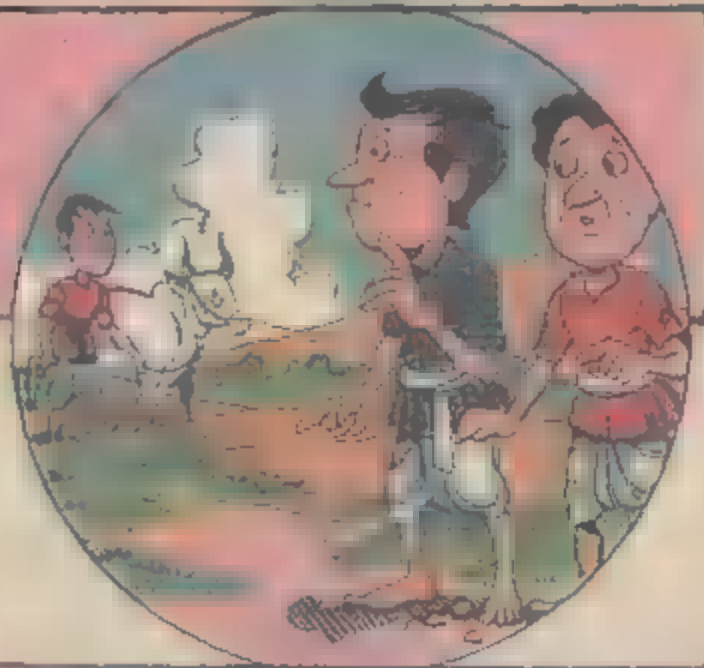
NOT TO SPEAK A LIE

Tulu was passing through the meadow when he saw a handsome cow. It was meandering, dragging along the rope and the small uprooted pole to which the rope had been tied.

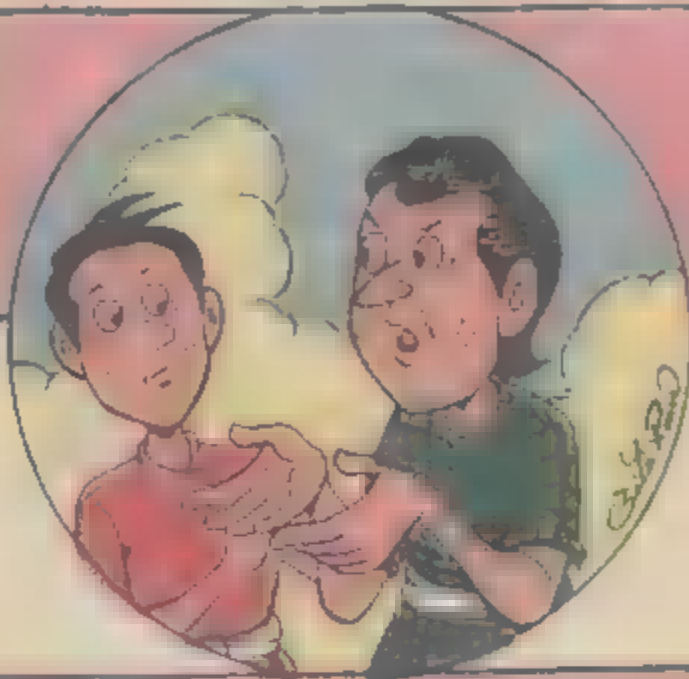


He picked the pole and resumed walking, pulling the cow along, as if it was his property!

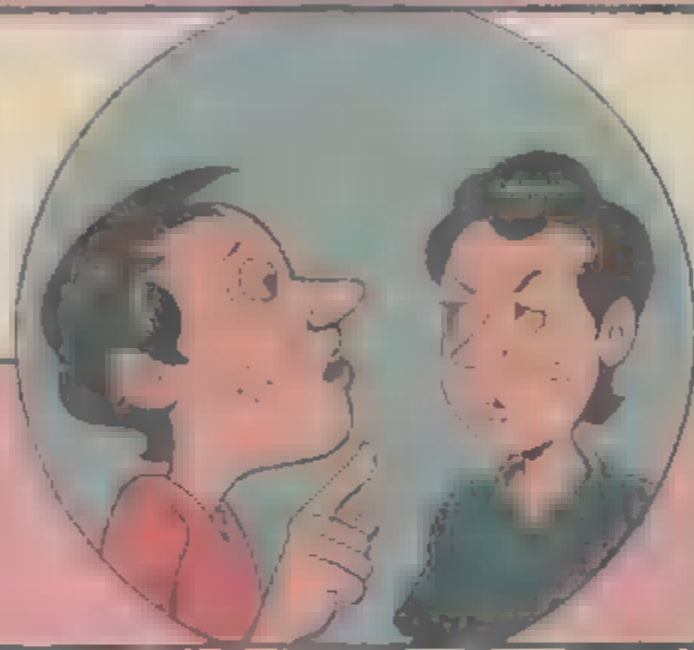
The cow's owner happened to see him. He and his brother came running and caught him and dragged him to the landlord who was also the judge.



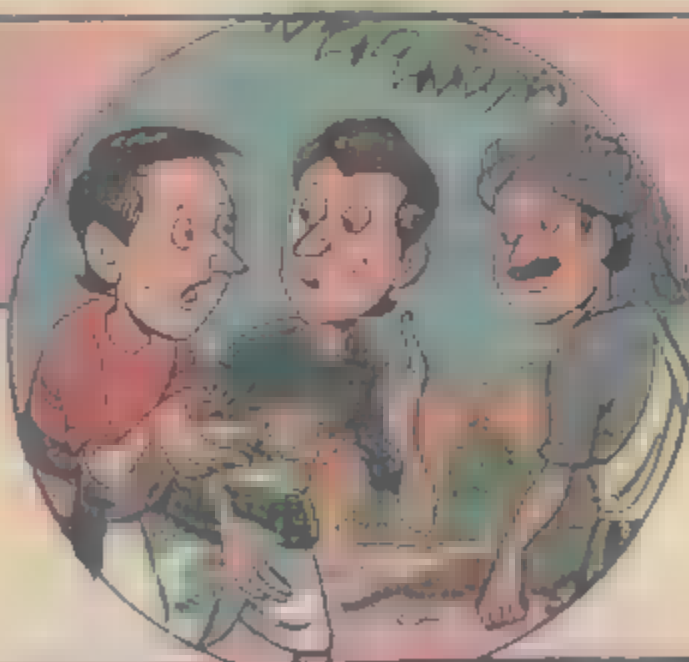
The judge knew Tulu to be a thief and liar. He had been punished several times. The judge left him upon his promising never to steal or to speak lies again.



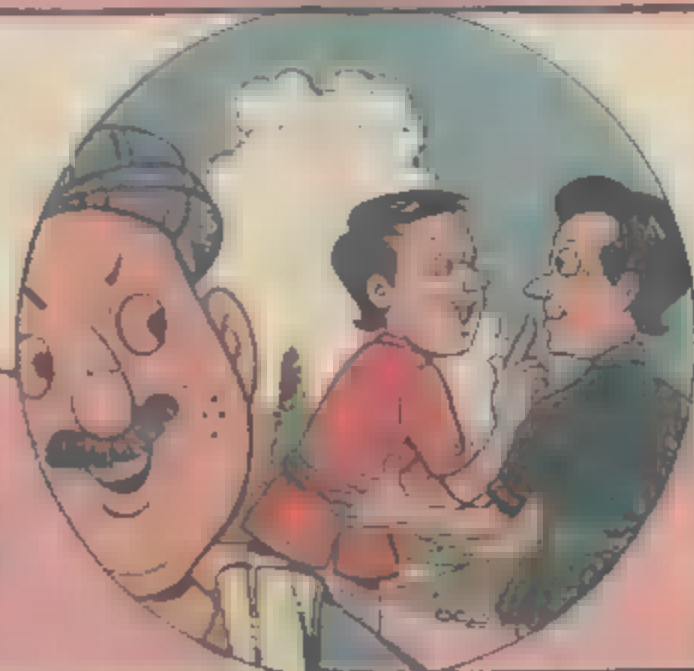
As Tulu came out of the landlord's house, his friend asked him, "Why were you produced before the landlord?" asked the friend.



"For nothing. I just picked up a small bamboo stick and they brought me here!" said Tulu.



Just then Tulu saw the landlord coming out. "Of course, the stick was tied to a rope!" he said.



Tulu knew that the landlord who was coming closer had heard him. So he continued, "And to the other end of the rope was tied a cow!"

IT IS SIMPLE!

Harish badly needed a lakh of rupees. He could not borrow it, however he tried. He felt depressed.

In his town lived a philosopher. A friend of Harish advised him to meet the philosopher. "He may give ~~some~~ good advice which would help you solve your problem," said the friend.

Harish made an appointment with the philosopher and told him his problem.

"Sell ■ lakh of candles for a rupee each. You have a lakh of rupees! It's simple!"

"But I don't have a lakh of candles!"

"Then sell ten thousand candles for ten rupees each! It's simple!"

"But I don't have ten thousand candles!"

"Then sell ■ hundred candles for ■ hundred rupees each! It's simple!"

"But I don't have ■ hundred candles!"

"Then sell one candle for a lakh of rupees! It's simple !"

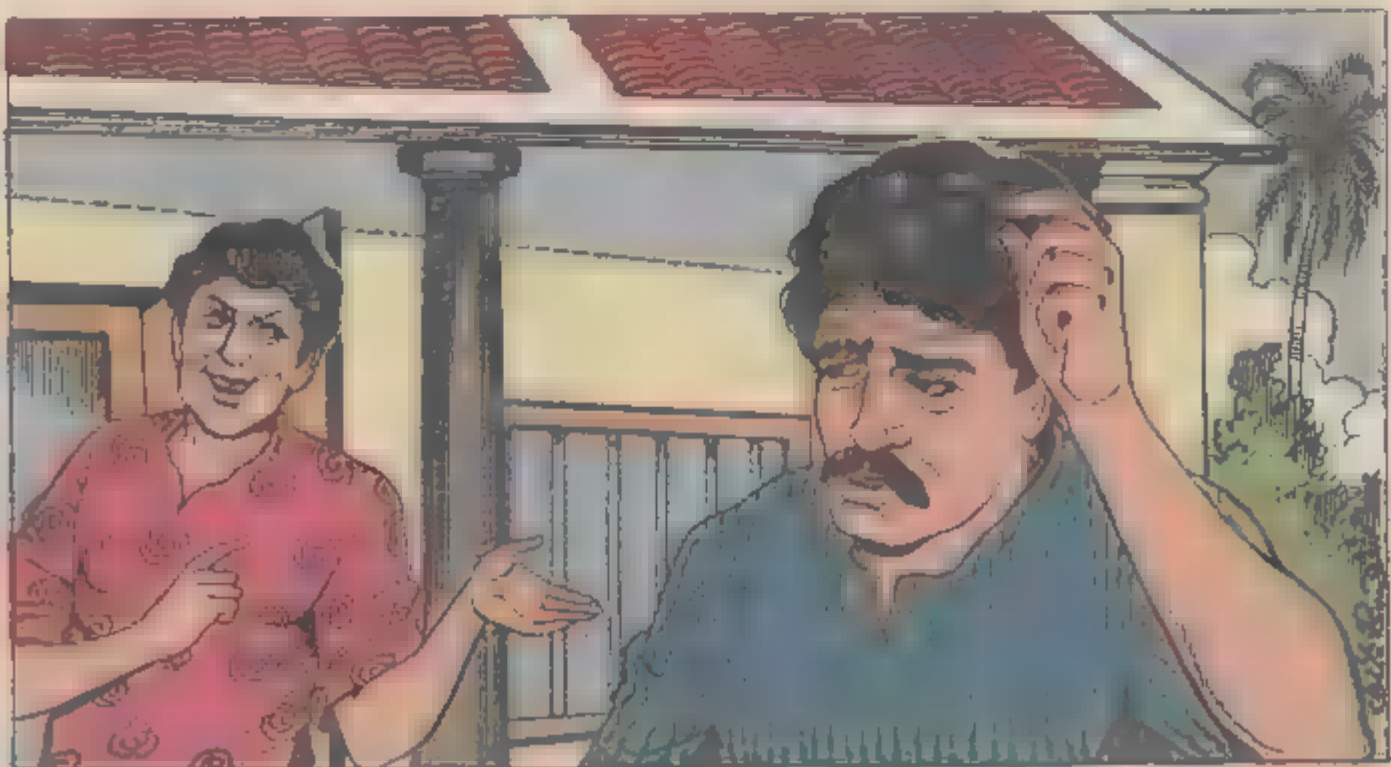
"But who will buy it?"

"There you are . So, you don't have the money. It's simple!"

Harish came out of the philosopher's house feeling giddy.

"Is your problem gone?" asked his friend.

"Perhaps. What I have instead of the problem is ■ feeling of madness."





3

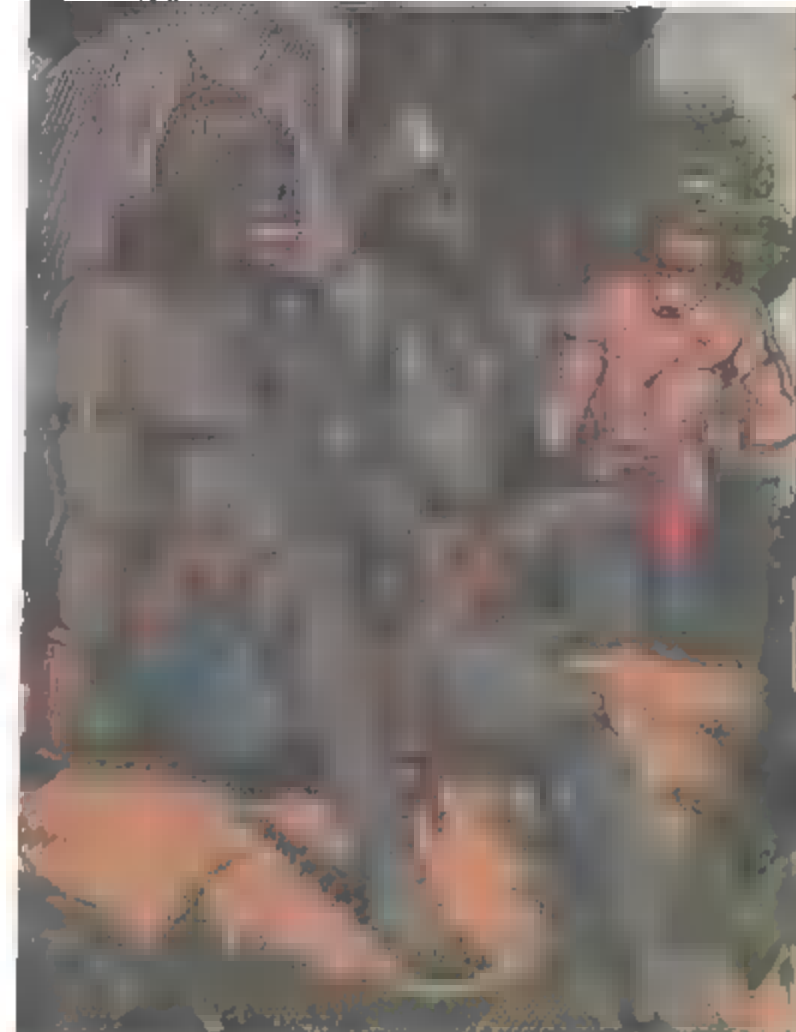
(The young Hanuman was advised by his mother to go to his uncle, Sugriva, at Kiskindhya. One day Sugriva's brother, Vanara king Vali, fought the demon of Mayavi, inside a cave. When Vali did not come out of the cave for a long time, Sugriva thought that he had been killed. With a heavy heart he returned to Kiskindhya and sat on the throne.)

Vali had not been killed by Mayavi. It was Mayavi who had been killed by Vali.

When Vali returned home, Sugriva prostrated himself before him and expressed his great happiness. But Vali was furious. He rebuked Sugriva. Quietly Sugriva took off his crown and placed it at Vali's feet.

Even then Vali was not pacified.

With great humility Sugriva explained, "Believe me, my brother, I am the happiest man to see you back. I was waiting at the mouth of the cave for a very long time. I was a fool to think that you would no more come out. I was heart-broken. I had no desire to be crowned. But the



ministers and the people insisted on holding the ceremony. Now that you are back, I gladly surrender the throne to you and revert to my old position."

Vali ignored Sugriva's pleadings and calling a meeting of his people, said, "Myself and Sugriva pursued the demon, Mayavi. The demon entered a cave. I asked Sugriva to wait at the mouth of the cave and then followed the demon. It was not easy to find the enemy inside that long, dark cave. At last, I found him and after a fierce fight, killed him. He had a number of kinsmen there and I had to kill them

too. Thereafter, eager to come out of the cave, I could not find the opening. I called Sugriva loudly, but got no response. Can you all imagine what this wicked fellow had done? He had closed the mouth of the cave with a huge rock so that I would never be able to come out. However, at last I kicked the stone off and came out."

Vali was not satisfied simply blaming Sugriva. He took away Sugriva's wife forcibly and drove him away.

Deprived of his wife and home, Sugriva took shelter amidst the hills of Rushyamuk. He was accompanied by four of his lieutenants: Hanuman, Jambhavan, Maind and Dwividha.

While living in exile, Sugriva and his companions chanced upon Rama. It happened like this : Sugriva saw two strangers wandering along the bank of the Lake Pampa. Bows and arrows hanging on their backs, they looked charming.

But Sugriva was afraid of the strangers. They might have been sent by Vali—he thought. Because Vali could not come to Rushyamuk himself, it was not

unlikely for him to send others to kill Sugriva. In panic Sugriva even thought of fleeing the place. But where to go? That was the question.

Hanuman asked Sugriva, "You know very well that Vali cannot come here. Why then do you look so pensive?"

"Look at those strangers yonder. They are armed with bows and arrows and they look quite strong. I am afraid, they have come here on Vali's behalf. Isn't it the policy of the kings to send spies in strange disguises? It would be better, O Hanuman, if you hasten to the strangers and try to ascertain who they really are. Ask them the purpose of their visiting this region. If they have any ill-feeling towards me, try to remove it," said Sugriva.

Hanuman, assuming the form of a young ascetic, appeared before the strangers and said, "O gentle ones! You look not only godly, but also luminous like great Yogis. Who are you and why are you here? The forest-dwellers are amazed to see you. Your long arms are worthy of being adorned with beautiful ornaments and they deserve to



wield kingly authority."

Rama and Lakshmana kept quiet. Hanuman said again, "I am Hanuman, the messenger of a mighty and noble Vanara king, Sugriva, who has been ousted from his kingdom by his brother. Sugriva desires your friendship."

At Sugriva's name, Rama's face brightened up. Kavandha had foretold that Sita will be rescued by the help of Sugriva.

Rama told Lakshmana, "He whom we were looking for has come to us of his own. This messenger who comes from Sugriva appears to be an enlightened and pure soul. Better you



talk to him cordially."

Hanuman could guess that the strangers were not unfamiliar with Sugriva's name. He was hopeful that perhaps they would be of some help to Sugriva in avenging his humiliation. He asked again, "O noble ones, why are you roaming about in this wilderness?"

"At Rama's instruction, Lakshmana told Hanuman, "He whom you have just addressed is Rama, the eldest son of the illustrious king of Ayodhya, Dasharatha. On the eve of his coronation he chose to come away into the forest in deference to a commit-

ment made by his father. I am his younger brother, Lakshmana. We had with us Sita Devi, my brother's wife. But she was kidnapped by some hostile demon while we were away for a while. We know nothing about the kidnapper. But we were told by another demon that it is through Sugriva's help that Sita Devi can be rescued. I have told you all in a nut-shell. Rama, whose Grace is sought by those who know him, is seeking Sugriva's help."

"It is Sugriva who prays for Rama's compassion and help. He is deprived of his wife and his kingdom. Naturally, he passes his time in deep sorrow. But he will certainly give you all help intracing SitaDevi," said Hanuman

Hanuman then requested them to meet Sugriva.

Lakshmana told Rama, "Let us go to Sugriva and give him solace and confidence."

Hanuman changed over to his real form and carrying Rama and Lakshmana on his shoulder, reached Rushyamuk. But Sugriva, afraid of the strangers, had hid himself amidst the

Malaya hills.

Hanuman found out Sugriva and informed him who the strangers were. He also told Sugriva all about their coming into the forest and about the kidnapping of Sita.

Assured of the fact that the brothers desired friendship with him and that they wanted his help to trace Sita, Sugriva was delighted. Assuming a noble human form, he approached Rama and Lakshmana and said, "Welcome O Rama and Lakshmana, I have learnt all about you from Hanuman. I am thrilled to know that you desire friendship with me. If it is true, let us join hands."

Rama extended his hand ■ Sugriva which he grasped joyfully. Then they embraced each other. Meanwhile Hanuman lighted a fire. Rama and Sugriva walked circling the fire. Thus the beginning of their friendship was witnessed and sanctified by the fire-god.

"From this moment, O Sugriva, I will be sorry in your sorrow and I will be happy in your happiness, for I ■ your true friend," said Rama.

Then all of them sat down. Sugriva narrated in detail the



story of his enmity with Vali and concluded, "I ■ constantly haunted by the fear of Vali. Rama! Kindly save me from such ■ predicament!"

Rama smiled with compassion and said, "Do not grieve. I will kill Vali who has humiliated you so unjustly."

Sugriva said, his voice throbbing with emotion, "Rama!" Let me get back my wife and my kingdom with your help and let Vali be killed. I promise to rescue Sita Devi wherever she might be, in heaven or in hell. Yes—now I think that I saw her when she was being carried away. Seeing me and my lieutenants seated below.





she threw down a bundle containing some ornaments. You should be able to identify them.

"Please show them to me, my friend," said Rama.

Sugriva went into a cave and soon returned with a bundle and opened it before Rama.

As soon as Rama saw the ornaments, he cried out, "O Sita!" Tears rolled down his cheeks and he was unable to speak for some time. Thereafter

he showed them to Lakshmana. Lakshmana examined them and said, "I do not know about all the ornaments. But I have no doubt that these anklets belonged to my sister-in-law, for I used to see them everyday when I prostrated myself before her."

Rama asked Sugriva anxiously, "Please tell me, in which direction was Sita carried away?"

— To continue

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

"I know the way to heaven," said a young girl to her brother, who stood by her side, looking at a picture-book.

"You do?" asked the brother. "Please tell me how to get there."

"Just commence going up," she replied, "and keep on going up all the time and you'll get there. But remember, you must never turn back."



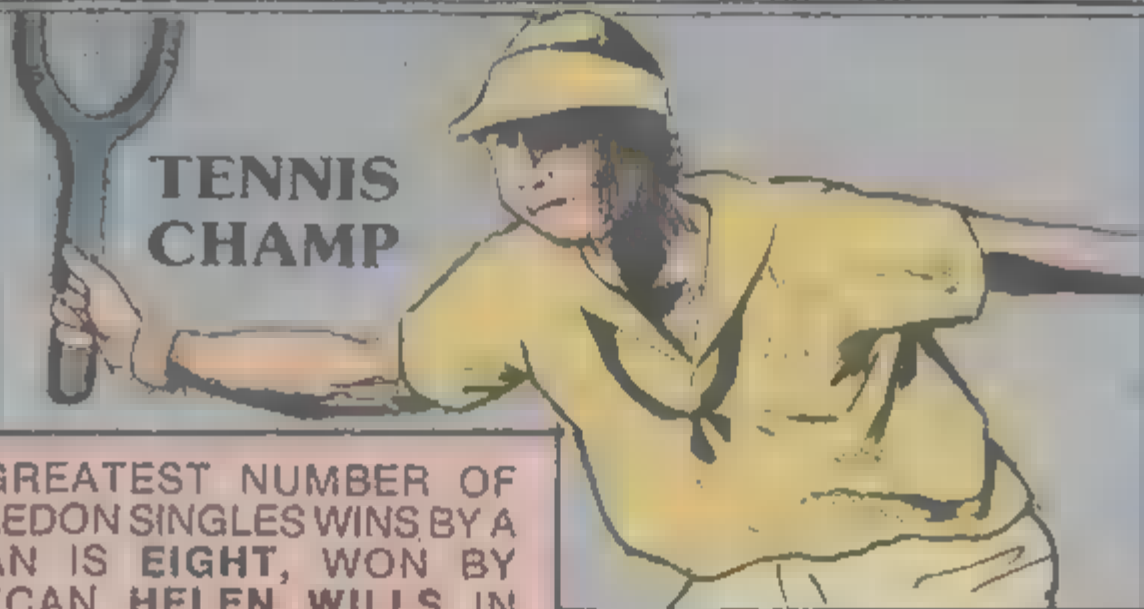


YOUNGEST 'GP' WINNER

THE YOUNGEST GRAND PRIX WINNER WAS **BRUCE MCLAREN** OF NEW ZEALAND WHO WON THE U.S. GRAND PRIX IN 1959 AT THE AGE OF 22 YEARS AND 104 DAYS.



TENNIS CHAMP



THE GREATEST NUMBER OF WIMBLEDON SINGLES WINS BY A WOMAN IS **EIGHT**, WON BY AMERICAN **HELEN WILLS** IN 1927-1930, 1932-33, 1935 AND 1938.

YACHT CLUB



THE ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB IN IRELAND CLAIMS TO BE THE OLDEST STILL IN EXISTENCE. IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1720.



New Tales ■ King Vikram
■ the Vampire

A STRANGE MEETING

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon ■ he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, why are you loitering in the forest at this unearthly hour of the night? Is it because you have forgotten your royal duties under a certain emotional pressure? That is what Princess Manjira had done. Let me narrate her story to you. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Long



ago the kingdom of Koshambi was ruled by King Dhirendra. He had only one child and it was a daughter named Manjira. The king treated her like a boy. She grew up, mastering different military arts. She was an excellent rider and an archer.

One day she went into the forest with her father for hunting. Suddenly ■ storm broke out. "My daughter, let ■ return to the palace ■ fast ■ we can," her father told her. Soon ■ awful darkness covered the forest. The members of the hunting party could not see one another. The forest was ■ wide one covering the frontiers of three kingdoms.

The hunters were scattered in different directions.

The princess rode on, narrowly escaping the dangers of falling trees. She had been completely isolated from her companions. When the storm grew very violent, she took shelter in a cave. By midnight the storm subsided, but it was all very dark. Even then the brave princess resumed her journey towards the palace.

But after ■ hour's ride she realised that she had lost her way and had come to an unknown part of the forest. She was tired. She did not know what to do.

"Who are you? What are you looking for?" a voice spoke out. Surprised, the princess followed the voice and saw ■ man who looked like ■ young hermit.

"I am ■ bodyguard of King Dhirendra. I lost my way in the forest," replied the princess.

"Is that true? Or are you looking for any enemy of the king?" asked the young man.

The princess knew that her father was looking for Prince Prakash of Rudrapur whose father had been killed in ■ battle with King Dhirendra. Rudrapur used to be an independent kingdom. But King Dhirendra's father had once defeated Rud-

rapur's king and had obliged him to pay an annual tribute to Koshambi. Prince Prakash's father, however, refused to pay the tribute. That is why King Dhirendra attacked his kingdom and killed him, but his son Prakash escaped in time.

"I am not looking for anybody, but for a way out of the forest," replied the princess.

"Wait," said the young man. He went into his hut and returned with a torch. He observed the face of the princess for a moment and then said, "Very well. I invite you to spend the night in my hut. I will show you the way out as soon as it is morning."

The young man led the princess into his hut and made her comfortable. He treated her to a variety of fruits and milk.

"How do you get milk here?" asked the princess.

"Behind this hut is the river. On the other side of the river is situated the capital of Koshala. Milk is brought to me from the town," said the young man.

The princess knew that the royal families of Rudrapur and Koshala had been great friends. Who then was this young man? Why is he staying here, so close to Koshala?



She did not sleep. Both of them talked of many things.

As soon as it was morning, the young man brought her horse from the shade and asked the princess to ride. Through a shortcut he led her to a hillock. Then he explained how the princess should proceed to her destination.

"Goodbye, Princess, till we meet again," he said.

The princess stood startled. She was under the impression that the young man had taken her to be a male soldier!

"Who are you?" asked the princess.

"Since I know who you are, it



will be unfair on my part not to tell you who I am. Well, I am Prince Prakash."

"Thank you for your hospitality. Goodbye," said the princess and she descended from the hillock. A group of King Dharendra's soldiers were anxiously looking for her. As Prince Prakash looked on, she went away, waving to the prince.

A year later, Prince Prakash, with the help of Koshala, waged a war against Koshambi. King Dharendra was defeated and captured. He was sure to face death. But, to his surprise, Prince Prakash told him. "My lord, I have recovered my kingdom.

That is enough for me. I have no desire to possess Koshambi. Your kingdom remains with you." Then he set the imprisoned king free.

King Dharendra was overwhelmed. "O Prince," he said, "my daughter had forbidden me to attack your father's kingdom. But I was mad with my vanity. I never intended killing your father. But, as you know, nobody can predict the course of a battle. I regret his death. You should have taken my life. Since you did not, please take something else, something precious. What can I give you?"

"I understand that you consult your daughter on all matters. Why don't you consult her on this question too?" said Prince Prakash.

The king went into his palace and asked the princess, "I want to give a very precious gift to Prakash. What should that be?"

"What is most precious to you, Father?" asked the princess.

The king laughed and said, "What is most precious to me is my daughter!"

The princess blushed and lowered her head and said, "So, you have the answer!"

The king understood. He pro-

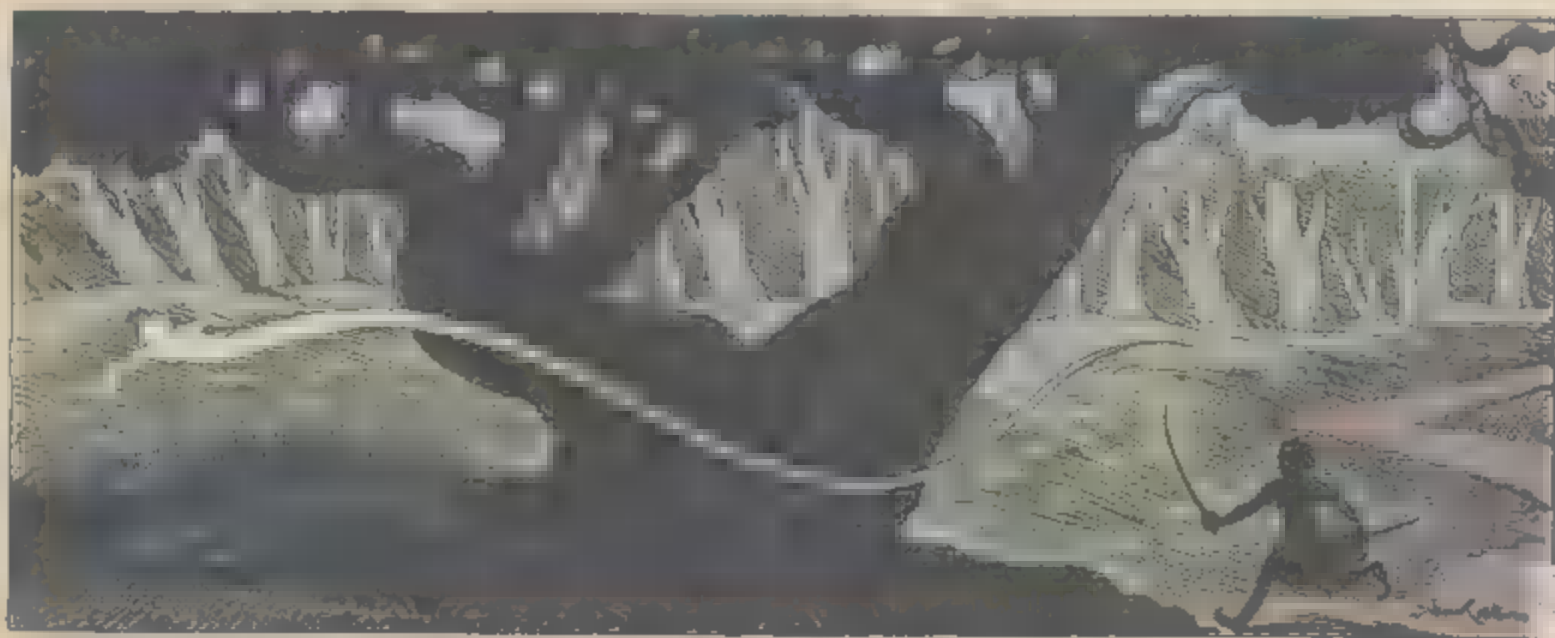
posed his daughter's marriage with Prince Prakash. The proposal was readily accepted. The king of Koshala happily performed the role of the bridegroom's guardian. In the course of time Koshambi and Rudrapur became one kingdom.

The vampire paused for a moment and then, assuming a challenging tone, demanded of King Vikram. "O King, I have some doubts. Prince Prakash knew who his guest was. Why did he not imprison her and demand King Dhirendra's surrender ■ ransom? Why did he risk a war against Koshambi? He could have been defeated! And how is it that the princess did not ask the soldiers who found her in the forest to capture the prince? She could have done so easily, for Prince Prakash was alone!

Lastly, how did they agree to their marriage so readily?"

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Both of them were noble. The prince had lost his kingdom in a battle. He wanted to get it back through ■ battle, fighting heroically. The princess knew how noble the prince was since he treated her with dignity although her father had been responsible for his father's death and the loss of his kingdom. Hence she could not have betrayed him to her soldiers. Both of them realised how kind and courteous the other one had been to him or her. Hence they had developed ■ liking for each other. That explains why they agreed to their marriage so readily!"

No sooner had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





A BLOCK OF SANDALWOOD

The Thakurs of Bundelkhand were once the rulers of the land. But time does not pass in the same way forever. They had lost their power and wealth. Rupsingh, the young scion of the family, had inherited only a huge mansion in ruins.

Everyday, early in the morning, he went to the forest. He collected wood and crossed the forest and sold the wood in a bazar where nobody recognised him. There was a dress-maker in the bazar who sold or gave on rent garments for theatres and operas. Rupsingh spent half of his income in taking a set of gorgeous-looking dress on rent. Then he went to another fellow and took a horse on rent. Dressed like a prince, he rode the horse and returned to his own town. The townsfolk knew him to be

the descendant of the Thakurs. They showed him respect. Nobody bothered to find out how he got the money for such luxuries!

One morning Rupsingh discovered a sandalwood tree. He cut out a piece of it and kept it with himself because he liked its fragrance. As he rode through his town, a stranger greeted him. Rupsingh stopped and asked him, "Who are you?"

"I am a merchant from Kalinga, my lord!" replied the stranger. Rupsingh felt quite flattered, for nobody had addressed him in that fashion all his life.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"You must be the master of this town, what I guess from your appearance. I also see the passers-by greeting you," replied



the merchant from Kalinga.

"What is your next destination?" asked Rupsingh.

"Suvarna Dvipa, my lord. That is a prosperous island."

"Good. Take this present to the king of the island. Tell him that this is from Prince Rupsingh of Bundelkhand. He would be pleased with you."

Rupsingh handed over the sandalwood block to the merchant and galloped away.

A year passed. One afternoon Rupsingh was greeted by the merchant at the same spot on the town-square. When Rupsingh pulled the reins of his horse and

stopped, he brought out a pair of bejewelled ivory sandals. "This is a gift for you sent by the king of Suvarna Dvipa, my lord. He was immensely pleased with me and he gave me all facilities for trading in his island," said the merchant.

"We are pleased to hear this. What is your next destination?" asked Rupsingh.

"Arabia, my lord."

"Good. Carry the sandals to the ruler of Arabia and say that this is my gift for him," said Rupsingh and he galloped away.

The ruler of Arabia was so much pleased with the bejewelled sandals that he gave the merchant twenty of his best horses and also gave him enough money for their maintenance and transport. "Give these as my gift to the noble prince, Rupsingh," he told the merchant. He also gave some precious gifts personally to the merchant.

The merchant returned to Rupsingh's town and stood on the square. Rupsingh appeared there as usual and the merchant showed him the horses.

"Where are you going now?" asked Rupsingh.

"Once again to Suvarna



Dvipa, my lord."

"Very well. Carry these horses to the king of the island as my gift."

Rupsingh galloped away. As is well known, the Arab horses are the best horses in the world. The king of the island was overjoyed to see them. He wrote a letter to Rupsingh, asking him to pay a visit to the island. The merchant duly presented the letter to Rupsingh. Rupsingh asked him to wait for a few days. He sold his old house to his neighbour and bought some really good clothes.

Riding a palanquin, he then proceeded to the merchant's ship. The ship sailed for the island. Rupsingh was received with great honours.

The king of the island was so much impressed with the young man that he proposed his daughter's marriage with him. Rupsingh had no objection to it. And, as the king had no son, Rupsingh succeeded him to the throne after his death.

King Rupsingh proved himself a kind and just ruler.

All the world's wealth is his who is contented in his mind. The whole earth is as good as covered with leather for one whose own feet are covered with shoes.

—The Hitopadeshah

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Do Malaya and Malaysia refer to the same country?

— *C. Mahesh, Madras.*

Prior to 1963, the term Malaya, in popular speech, meant the entire region that we know as Malaysia. But really Malaya is one of the three constituent parts of the Federation of Malaysia, the other two being Sabah (formerly known as British North Borneo) and Sarawak.

What is meant by Black Hole in astronomy?

— *Tilak Raj Gupta, Lucknow.*

When a star "dies" or collapses, it creates a field with a terribly powerful gravitational pull. No matter or energy can escape from the field. That field is known as the Black Hole.

Do animals understand the feelings of human beings?

— *Aroop, Guwahati.*

They do to some extent, at least those who are accustomed to living in the human society, such as the cattle, the dogs or the cats. Of course, to a great extent, they react to human moods not through their feelings, but through conditioning. That is to say, a cat knows when you are trying to fondle it or punish it through the signal of your movements, tone, words etc. But a spontaneous response of the animals to human moods is not ruled out. There are indisputable examples of dogs becoming remorseful at the suffering of their masters. They also respond to goodwill and affection.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Liberty and Union, now and for ever, are one and inseparable!

—Webster

To be one with the world is wisdom.

—Tirukkural

A host, even when each one is weak, brings victory to pass;
The elephant is bound by woven ropes of grass.

—Panchatantra



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